AROUND THE WORLD.

General Grant's Visit to Madrid.

CHANGES IN THE CAPITAL.

Recollections of the Republic Under Castelar.

CEREMONIES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Evils of the Gambling Spirit in Spain.

MADRID, Nov. 15, 1878. up briefly, so far as the festivities and ceremonies were concerned. James Russell Lowell, our Min-ister, met him at the station, when the General was welcomed on behalf of the King by the civil authorion, who was detailed to attend him. The King had not arrived, but was in the north visiting Espartero and reviewing his conscripts. Mr. Lowell gave the General a dinner and a reception, where men of all parties came to pay their respects to the ex-President. It seemed like a truce in the heat of Spanish politics to see Canovas and Castelar in Mr. Lowell's saloons in long and friendly converse; but presume there is a life behind the scenes in Spanish politics as in our own, and that patriots and national was a dinner at the Presidency of the Counthe only State dinner given since the poor Queen died. There were arsenals to be inspected and picture galleries, the royal palace and the royal stables. There were long walks about Madrid and long talks with Mr. Lowell, whom General Grant had never met before, but for whom were calls from all manner of public men, especially eral had satisfying talks about Cuba, and one from Castelar, whom the General was most anxious to our war, and he had been also a constitutional President of the Republic, and the General was anxious to telar. But Spanish politics is full of torpedoes, and eneral was in some sort a guest of the nation strued into a republican demonstration-an inter ference in other people's affairs-and it was aban-

There were excursions to Toledo and to the Escurial

What impressed your correspondent in Madrid were the changes that had taken place since his former visit, five years ago. It seemed to have become transformed from a Spanish into a French town. New stores had sprung up on the Alcala, and new hotels advised you that they gave meat and entertainment in the French fashion. Street railways traverse the to hear jangling car bells in the drowsy old alleys along which I used to pad my way to the street of Isabel happened to Spain during the night. For poor Spain was then in an interesting condition and the strangest births were then coming to light. And when we had nothing else to do we used to go out and join the people when they went to demonstrate before the public offices—generally before the palace of the Interior, on the Puerta del Sol, where there was room to shout and hustle and carry our banners, and being a friend of the people, was sure to give us a welcome and tell us to be patient and we should have bread and work. Sometimes we used to go down to the Cortes and demonstrate in favor of more radical measures and more speed in making the Republic, and wait until Castelar and Salmeron and Garrido came out that we might hall them as friends of liberty and saviors of Spain. Pi was arrested the other day as s revolutionist, and Garrido is in exile, and Castelar almost alone among republicans, is tolerated in the ause, as Canovas said when he sent word to the government agents not to oppose his return, "A Spanish

And so in five years the world wags its curious course MEMORIES OF SPANISH MADRID. In those days Madrid was a Spanish town, and it was pleasant to walk in the streets and see the the varied costumes of the provinces, to hear the odd cries, to visit the cafés, with their curious drinks of almond and pomegranate and orange, temperate and tasteless, and see damsels and wrinkled women gorging ices and grave men smoking eigarettes Pleasant was the Prado when the evening shadows came and all Madrid was out to take the air have a beauty of their own in this captivating Spain.
Pleasant it was to stroll up and down the Prado and couples, with demure, gazelle-like eyes that looked at you so shyly, and if they spoke at all it was with a glance or with the fan, which, in the hand of a Spanish lady, is an organ of speech. Pleasant it was to see the nurses in Andalusian peasant costumes, their brown faces and ripe, bonny bosoms, which children swaying world in unconscious, innocent wonder. Pleasant were the dancing groups which you met in the public squares or the denser parts of the town, dancing their slow measured step to the music of a guitar and the time of the castanet. And the bull fighters on Sunday afternoon! Was anything more pleasant than to stroll up the Alcala and study the hurrying crowd, hurrying on to the arena to see the bulls, to be there in time for the procession.

Maidens, duchesses, beggars, statesmen, priests,
workingmen and soldiers, parents and their children
are hurrying to the ring. Pleasant were the evenings at Café Fornos, with old Dr. Mackeehan, the oldest American resident in Madrid, at the head of the table, and telling his recollections of a generation of Spanish life, especially his recollections of the dynasty of American Ministers under whom he had served, from Barringer to Cushing, and how he had seen Soulé fight his duel, and how he hated a certain secretary of legation. I have never, by the way, seen an expatriated American who did not have ne cherished hatred which he nourished and worshipped-as the Hindoos do idols of evil import-and generally it was another American. But there was no kindlier or friendlier soul than the old Doctor, and nothing pleased him more than to celebrate the Fourth of July. Pleasant were the dinners Adee and I were wont to have with our mysterious friend, who lived in an upper story—our mysterious friend, whose business every one was sceking to know, and no one could discover—and who always roasted his partridges himself after we had arrived. Pleasant were the brisk walks with Porbes over the windy plains around streets of the old town. Pleasant it was to hear the Minister throw his leg over his crutch and preach about Spain and the Republic, and marvellous preaching it was, for he knew Spain well and believed in the Republic. But how changed ? Cold winds drive maidens and nurses from the Prado. The Fornes table, with the good Doctor at the head, ister reigns in the stead of the Seventy, and as I I was informed by public placard that if I wished to so, I was into mid ing I had only to say the word and take

NEW LIFE IN THE CAPITAL.

en the bull ring has gone—the clumsy old bull News with its narrow entrances and dingy boxes and News was smells, and blocks upon blocks of imposing post surge occupy its site. There is a new buil ring a cuttle for th

half mile further out—a spick-and-span affair of brick, which does not look like a bull ring, but a Moody and Sankey tabernacle of the Chicago order of architecture. New avenues stretch in all directions paved with curbstones, and young trees; and buildevery part of the town. The aspect of the city has wholly changed. There is the Calle Mayor and the old Plaza. I always visit that antique enclosure, because it reminds me of the days when Spain was there was the balcony where those sovereigns of divinely-vouchsafed princes were wont to perch themselves and see the trials go on and hear monks denounce heresy and appland with tingling fingers as the poor wretches, in their cos-tumes of degradation were led to the stake. It was here, too, that Charles I. of England, also of blessed memory, came to witness a bull fightone of the most famous exhibitions ever given—the fighters being gentlemen of quality, and one of them a young woman, who attacked a bull singly and killed it with her dagger. This Plaza Mayor seemed to have outlived any fear of change, and it was pleasant to wander under its arches and look at the trees and study Philip III. on horseback and summon back the phantoms who once made it their holiday. But even the plaza is changed and has become a mere market, with shops, where you can buy cheap jewelry and clothes, and of the old plaza have vanished. The sewing machine has taken the place of the auto de fé, and, as an an-Fulton Market or Tweed's ancient Court House oppo-

site the City Hall. RED REPUBLICAN DATS IN SPAIN. There are fewer beggars on the streets and not so many newspapers. We have now a government of order and virtue which is fatal to newspapers. Nearly all the journals I used to know are gone—the cause he was an Italian: the extreme papers which the Jesuits, and print gruesome pictures of the Inquisition. There was a paper which I used to read called Descamisados. or the Shiriless, which was the blood red organ, and whose editor began his leaders It was a wonderful combination of brutality and crime, and one fancied that it was edited by some royalist and supported by royalist money to bring scandal on the Republic. The whole school of journalism, so unique and fluent, has vanished, and what you have are a few decorous papers in bad type, with politics of a neutral tint, living from day to day in dread of a summons from Canovas stopping the press and marching the editor to the courts. So journalism has wilted, and if you want to know what Spain thinks and says you must go to the cafes.

THE LOTTERY IN SPAIN. I had gone the other morning to pay my devotions to the Virgin, not our Lady of Atocha (the Virgin from Antioch) nor any of the manifest virgins in churches, but our Lady of Raphael, as you see her on the walls of the Madrid Gallery, in the picture called "La Perla." This gallery is one of the glories of modern civilization, and whenever my mind in the years of absence reverted to Spain I found that it rested on the Museum in the Prado.

I have friends on those walls whom
I could not miss seeing without feeling that I had transgressed the sacred rights of friend-ship-"La Perla," "The Meninas," "The Surrender of Breda"-all the works of the incomparable Velasquez. I am afraid I worship there more than in the no more than in New York or Boston. I had made my devotions, and was strolling home through the my attention. Newsboys were shouting extra newspapers and loungers were running out to read with strained and breathless attenistry had resigned, or the favorite bull-fighter had died, or that there was some other incident of a tranthe lottery. The lottery had been drawn that morning and all Madrid, all Spain was palpitating over it. If I were asked to name the first evil in Spain, the

first that should attract the reformer's eyes, I would say the lottery. The government manages it. I asked a Spanish friend whether the management was most honest thing in Spain." As I had no interest in the lottery I took my paper home and studied it. I discovered that lotteries were frequently held in Spain. In this special drawing there were 1 894 and three others, respectively \$10,000, \$4,000 and \$2,000. There were three of \$1,000 each, two of \$810 each, and 1,847 of \$60 each. The paper did not say how many tickets were soldcach part costing sixty cents, making the value of a complete ticket \$6. If, therefore, 38,000 tickets were sold at \$6 apiece there would be a revenue to the government from this lottery alone, after paying all the prizes, of \$61,500. I observed that the first prize, No. 959, had been drawn in Cadiz, and that of the other great prizes one was drawn in Seville, two in Madrid and one in Getafe, a little ever, was only a small lottery; the great one comes at Christmas. The first prize in this is \$500,000, and the the great lottery once a year as a Christmas present to Spain. As you cannot buy one-tenth of a chance in this grand prize for less than \$10, and as \$10 is a good deal of money in Spain, many a Spaniard will have a dinnerless and supportess Christmas in his daring venture for for, it were now and then, for a special purpose—a hos-pital, a church or an asylum—it might be pardoned as a venial sin, like dram drinking or failing to vote on election day. But this appeal to chance every fortnight, and at the end of the year a supreme appeal, with fortunes in the wheel, cannot but deaden the moral sense and the pride of a community. Wherever you go—to the case, the church or the railway station—you are pursued by cripples, children, women—all vending their lottery tickets. The night before the drawing the streets was wont to ring with the cries of newsboys shouting tidings of a battle. There is, however, an awakened sentiment on the subject of gambling in Spain.
When I was here in the time of Amadeus there were gambling shops over every cafe, and gambling was an established industry which even revolutions could not disturb. The gambling houses have been closed. I suppose the lettery would go also, except that the government feels on that subject as Napoleon did about his revenue from brandy or England about her national budget I find that out of an estimated reve nue of 657,000,000f., 55,000,000f. are expected from lot-

ENGLAND MUST STAND FIRM

SHE MUST MEET THE PINANCIAL DEPRESSION AS AMERICA DID IN 1873.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.] It is not very pleasant to read in the American newspapers speculations on the decline and fall of England's commercial and manufacturing suprem-sey, which are entirely in accord with Mr. Gladstone's ill-omened predictions on the same subject. Those who are said to be our heirs are already in imagination entering upon the succession. But, as the more sober commentators hasten to point out, Eng-lishmen individually show as yet no sign of decay, and the capacity and energy which put them at the head of the world may yet suffice to keep them there We also, as well as the Americans, have vast areas of waste land to make valuable and plenty of scope for our spare population. But, undoubtedly it is the great drawback to our modern society that so large a proportion of the working class are little adapted to change their mode of life. Factory hands as a rule make the

worst of colonists; and thus those who first feel the pressure in bad times are the least capable of striking out new paths for themselves elsewhere. Besides, even in America itself, too much capital and too many people are employed in manufacture; and the improvements in machinery are such that under present conditions the market will be easily glutted, even when the long looked for revival of trade begins. It is during the period of accommodation to altered circumstances that the gravest difficulties may arise. Our present distress has come upon us gradually after a long succession of good years, and people have trenched upon their savings in the hope that every day might bring an improvement. But, since it is too probable that no speedy change for the better can be expected, we must look matters in the face as the Americans did in 1873.

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

M. WADDINGTON'S SIGNIFICANT SPEECH IN THE

[London Standard's Paris letter of Dec. 15.] A statement of the present position of France as regards Eastern affairs was made by M. Waddington in the Senate yesterday, in reply to a question from M. de Gontaut-Biron. The following is a full report

I regard the Berlin Treaty as a transaction which will, I believe, last longer than is supposed, but which, however, is yet exposed to many more dangers. We are convinced that if anybody departs from it, that if between this and next spring it is not completely carried out, the whole of Europe may find itself again in face of formidable peris. This is why we think that the interest of peace is involved in the highest degree in the complete execution by all parties of the Treaty of Berlin. There have been on various sides lurking desires to do something else, to do more or less than the treaty was intended to do; but all the Cabinets and statesmen of Europe, all who had something to lose, all in succession have ended in acknowledging that there was only one course to follow which did not compromise the peace of Europe, and that was the omnilateral execution of the treaty.

M. Waddington then touched on the Greek question. He said that the protectorate of Greece had

tinued:— "We demand what King Leopold demanded. In solving the question of Greece we shall relieve the Eastern question of one of its principal causes of danger. The Porte, moreover, is greatly interested in this affair."

The Foreign Minister, after promising to publish the correspondence on this point as soon as the negotiations admitted of it, concluded as follows:—

"What I can declare at once is that the French gov-"What I can declare at once is that the French government has taken its precantions so that the assistance of France shall not be isolated, and that the prudence which it has exercised in the affair shall be continued. We shall act with the assistance of all the Powers. It will be a collective action of Europe under the initiative of France. Hence I can reassure the Senate and the country that Europe has confidence in us."

GAS-LIT BUOYS.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

That the buoys which mark channels and wrecks are sometimes destroyed or displaced by vessels Trinity Board have resolved upon sending a buoy, of which the lantern can be kept continuously burning, to a station off Dundes. The first of these trials took place in August last at the Trinity Wharf, when the light lasted uninterruptedly for twenty-eight days. Water was pumped upon it from a steam engine, to see what would be the effect of the shock and drenching, and no harm was done. The buoy was then sent down to the Nore, and there burned steadily for twenty-four days. The same buoy has now left London for its appointed place near Dundes. Provision has been made for keeping it alight without any interference for thirty-four days. It is a buoy of most awkward construction; but this does not lessen its usefulness, and others are being more skilffully made to receive the same illuminating apparatus. This is a modification of what is known as Pintsch's compressed gas system, which was first brought out in Germany. It is proposed to make the buoy itself the recipient for containing the compressed gas, with its regulator (which is one of the most important points of the invention), and the lantern at the top of a short conducting tube. A buoy of ordinary size will burn about three months night and day with only one filling, and the light is visible at a distance of about four miles. There is, however, in existence an electric lighting apparatus which might be employed, so that the light could be extinguished at sunrise and restored at night, giving, of course, a much longer duration to the working of the buoy. It will be interesting to see the result of this experiment, as the success of the scheme would be a boon to navigation. which the lantern can be kept continuously burning

AMERICAN WINES ABROAD.

[From the London Times.]

The Egalité (Marseilles), speaking of the prospects of American vintages, says that the wines produced in North America have generally been made from the grape of the V. Labrusca, the least valuable of all American vines, and that their remarkable flavor has prevented them from gaining any position in the estihowever, promise much better results. That protile has lately improved greatly in quality, and is likely to enter into general consumption. The Cordifolis has produced good wine; the Elvira is declared to be "equal to the best ein ordinaire of French vineyards;" the Cunningham is a white wine which, with special care, may be made as good as the best white Roussillon. The Jacquez, Black July, and Cythiana yield a wine of ordinary quality, of deep color, and tree from any peculiar flavor. The Herbemont is a light, sleoholic wine, which will make an excellent dinner wine. The Clinton has less delicacy and a strange flavor, which may, however, be cured by careful formentation and by cultivation. All American wines are said to be improved by mixing several kinds of grapes, and, though French vintages are said to be beyond reach of any serious competition from this quarter, it is admitted that wines produced on the other side of the Atlantic will, with careful preparation, one day merit a high place among wines for ordinary consumption. The coarse Labrusca wine sells in the United States for 200f. to 250f. (£8 to £19) per hectolitre (twenty-two gallons), and the production is about 600,600 hectolitres, half of which is grown in California. lis has lately improved greatly in quality, and is

"YOUNG RUSSIA."

MEANS-THE HOPES OF THE PEOPLE IN THE

CZAREWITCH.

Among your "Cable Notes," which are always se-lected with great skill by your foreign staff, there is one to-day bearing much weightier import than could be discerned by any person who had not re-sided for a lengthened period in Russia and been intimate with its government, its people and its language. You say:—"It is stated that the students" emonstrations in Russia have caused an unpleasantcountenancing them, and the Czar." Your readers have been fully informed of these students' demon-

countenancing them, and the Czar." Your readers have been fully informed of these students' demonstrations and the stringent measures that have been adopted to suppress them. It is well known that this "Young Russia" is not anxious for a republic, nor for the subversion of the reigning family, but confines its demands to the establishment of a constitution and a representative Assembly elected by the people—not necessarily by universal suffrage for the present, but with one restricted by a property or an educational qualification. The Czarewitch is, no doubt, favorable to this alteration in the government of the country, and wishes that this step toward the higher civilization of his country and for the alleviation of the overwhelming responsibility of the autocrat should be taken by his father.

It is now several years since it was whispered in court circles in St. Petersburg that the helr apparent to the throne had expressed his opinion very freely to the Emperor upon the advisability of granting a constitution to the people, and his wonder how his father could support the responsibility and labor of a personal government. Indeed, upon one occasion he declared that he could not, and if called upon to do so he would not attempt it for himself. During the late war it was natural to suppose that home politics did not occupy the mind of the Czarewitch so much as the duties of his high command in the army, and many feared lest the liberal views with which he had been credited should be blumted by the military ardor begotten by the Turkish struggle.

Now, your "cable note" brings the rumor, which I believe to be a truth, and therefore an assurance that his views upon this question of a constitution for his country remain unchanged and undiminished, and that when in the course of nature he shall be called upon to ascend the throne of all the Russias he will do so as a constitutional sovereign, and not as an autocrat.

This is certainly a bright hope for Russia, and it is sincerely to be desired that the anxious spir

A Visit to the Curious Inmate

GREAT LEARNING AND SMALL GAME

The Man Who "Bought" Machinery and "Sold" Manufacturers and Savans.

Jail, at Easton, Pa., a person who is known there as "the man from Peru," but who calls himself a native of France. He is at once the wonder and the mystery New York have contained occasional references to an aliases, living by trick and device, and who some six weeks since brought up in the Northampton County that they, generally speaking, pocketed their slight losses and let him go on his way. Indeed he almost always went before he was considered in any other light than a patron and benefactor. It was in his failure to go far enough and fast enough that he came to grief. It was hinted that he was slightly crazy, but at least one matter-offact hotel keeper of Easton, whose hospitality he had of four days, thought that his enterprise was too great to be put to the credit of insanity. The Grand Jury of Northampton county has found a true bill against the distinguished traveller—and his trial will his present quarters for some time longer.

reached the HERALD office. It was from the pen of

the prisoner and began as follows:—
NORTHAMPTON COUNTY JAIL, EASTON, Pa.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
In your issue of the 2d ult. I noticed an article entitled "Machine Mad," in which article you gave an account of my extensive commercial operations, and in concluding which you stated that I was evidently insane. Thinking that it might be of interest to the readers of your valuable paper, and wishing to state the reasons I had in making my purchasing tour in Connecticut, New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, I have prepared a short sketch of my career, which, if you think proper, you may publish.

ing, Pa., detailing his arrest and briefly telling his mode of operating. The career that he went on to sketch was an extraordinary one and its apparent operations gave a color of truth to the greater part of It had its weak spois, to be sure-queer blunders would not expect from an alleged graduate of the famous Ecole Polytechnique of Paris, which, by the way, he occasionally spelled "Polythecnique," and so on. Notwithstanding these blemishes it showed a same time it left in doubt whether the fellow was swindler on a small scale, or a man of great but slightly deranged intellect. He was a puzzle. door of the sombre hued, battlemented prison that looks down from a hill on the prosperous town of Faston and over the Delaware River. Stout built and pleasant faced Warden Whitesell opened the door. with the strange prisoner, A. L. Barraud, alias Louis Ramel, alias Henri de Courcelles, Artium Magister, Mines, Arequipa, Peru, whose stupendous orders for at one time to promise a trade revival in all branches of the iron and steel manufactures.

The little preliminary of entering one's name in the visitor's book showed that one of the names of the object of the visit was there also, for he had in-spected as an amateur what he was shortly destined

rather startling order to the jailer, who carried a ounch of keys, and forthwith led the way up a wide but gloomy corridor. Faint daylight lock and a grate on the hinge, this door was opened, and I stepped into the prison. With a clang the door was locked behind me, and I looked around. It was much like the run of county prisons, two tiers of cells running around an oblong, but was cleaner, tidier and handsomer than usual, and would look comfortable if it were not for the heavy double doors before each little residence and the great bolts that shot to and fro with a chilly clang. It was floored with great slabs of dark slate, which must be a relief to the eyes of the respective drunk and disorderlies assault and batteries ing at the white walls of their cells. Some, indeed, of these gentry have decorated their enforced abodes with pictures from the New York weeklies or with hanging chains of colored paper artistically arranged, and at least one had covered the walls with cheerful frescoes of his own design. The place is warmed pleasantly. Some of the inmstes, the jailer said, were in another part of the prison making brooms and carpets, but those awaiting trial were taking their ease. We turned to the right and stood before a cell. The jailer opened the door of wood and then the door of iron lattice work. There were two men inside.

not unkindly to one of them, and a tall, thin young man with dark eyes stepped out.

"Now, go in, sir, the other's your man." BARRAUD-RAMEL COUNCELLES.

I entered; the door clanged behind and a curious lit-

tle personage in his shirt sleeves came forward with a slightbow. Perhaps there was a shade of disappointbearing, a more dashing appearance would have been expected in the outward man of so brilliant an impostor. About thirty-five years old, of the middle height, though his puny body and slanting shoulders made him look smaller, he was not at the first glance attractive in any degree. But his head was long, large and remarkable. His complexion was

attractive in any degree. But his head was long, large and remarkable. His complexion was dark. He wore a nest brown mustache and side whiskers, had large and very dark gray eyes with heavy lide, a hocked nose that was prominent without being long, a well set mouth and a flat chin. The eye at once, however, rested on his towering, square forehead—"a regular double-decker," as his quondam host, the Easton hotel keeper, called it—and which seemed the higher that he is baid on the crown of the head, from which the thin hair of a dusty brown fringed down. Add to this that he has large feet, or at least large boots and small hands and that his clothes were pitifully seedy, although he wore a clean shirt. He invited me to a soat on an apology for a stool and sat down himself on one of the low beds in the cell. On a peg hung a seedy coat with the red ribbon of the Legiou of Honor on the lapel.

How RE TALES.

It is not necessary to detail the entire interview that followed, for, after a brief talk about his prison house, which he declared, with a shrug, "comfortable for a piace of the kind," conversation was directed mainly to sundry of the weak points in his story and to obtaining fuller light upon others. He talks well, with a decided foreign accent, and is ready to branch off into the discussion of scientific points or public buildings in all quarters of the world. He talked of his "operations," as he loves to call them, with great gusto and from time to time broke into an unpleasant sounding, harsh laugh at the discumiture of some of his victime, when his dark eyes would glitter unpleasantly, the right eye apparently turning slightly inward. His explanations of the doubtrul points in his sucobjography were ready if not plausible, and if may be judged that an adventurer without money or baggage who would stroll into an office, ask for one of the firm and proceed to order a locomotive or some miles of railroad iron, giving a worthless draft in payment, would not be onaplussed over a mere question of spelling or an e

spell it?" and when informed remarked, "Well, we shall see," drawing forth a Ramafacturer and Badder, where the name occurred. Seeing his error he dropped easily into the question of Greek derivations; dedging the main question. Brought back to it he hesitated, as if about to make a confession, but he bristled up and said he graduated No. 8 in the class of 1861; that on Thursdays and Saturdays the boys were allowed out, but only in uniform; that, however, he and others used to climb over a wall in plain clothes and be off and have "fun" every night they pleased. "It is very easy to wire over if you are in doubt," he added.

The most difficult point to decide was his motive in undertaking a career of imposture when so many promising fields were open to a man of his undoubted talents and deep technical knowledge. He answers with a laugh.

"You see I have always been foul of some for

in undertaking a career of imposture when so many promising fields were open to a man of his undoubted talents and deep technical knowledge. He answers with a laugh.

"You see I have always been fond of some fun. Then I wanted to know all about American machinery, which I admire very much, and it was the only way I could get into the shops. I made the firms happy for a little while with my big purchases—faughing—and they overwhelmed me with hospitality, which I appreciated. As to my drafts that came back, they did some poor devils of notaries good, for you know it costs a dollar to protest a draft, and I kept them pretty busy."

"Did you not adopt it as a means of living?"

"No: I tell you it was fun. I had \$30 or \$40 when I started out on the 11th of August, but I found I did not want much money. Those reflows took care of a good customer like me," and he laughed loadly with grating sound, but evident enjoyment. "I asked nobody for money; they took me to their own homes or to hotels and, of course, I left them to settle the bills. I carried no baggags, for I knew that would be seized, and I got from point to point generally by the men I bought machinery of buying the tickets for me. I knew that would be seized, and I got from point to point generally by the men I bought machinery of buying the tickets for me. I knew the next fellows to look for by this little book (taking out a small pocket Directory of Bradstreet's). I went for none but the largest concerns, and I think every fellow who has his name in this should curse for patting it in. (More loud, harsh laughter.) See, I have quite a collection of return ticket to New York I—ah, pardon. Well, you see, I have plenty tickets. They took all my other papers away from me. There was one thing was fun, too. When I would leave a place after a big order the local papers would give me a kick igleefully). Wasn't that ungrateful? You keep all the papers on file: you can see."

"Are you not ashamed of all this?"

"Oh, no; it is not a crime: it is not dishonorable; thes

even more anxious for my 'trade revival, I think you call it, than I was for their dinners. It was their own covetousness they were paying for."

"About the present charge against you?"

"Rascally! I went to the United States Hotel on Mr. Wilson's recommendation—his card and his compliments. He owes the money, I will not pay it. But only think. I stop there four days and the bill is \$17.75. When they catch me with their detective and put me in prison Mr. Haydon comes here and tells me it is \$50. 'How has it grown so fast while I was away?' I said. 'The extras are for catching you.' Now, only think of that (look of what might otherwise be called virtuous indignation)—make me pay \$32.25 for putting me into prison! That is rascally. Six months is the most, and I will stop here that long sooner than pay them one cent. I wrote to my mother in Paris for some money, but she has sent me word that she has none. Here is her letter, (showing one dated Paris, written in a fine hand and perfect French, signed, 'Ta pauer mère.'')

"You gave a check for \$5,000 to Lafayette College?"

"They were so kind to me (laugning long and loud). They said they wanted money and I thought I would make them happy for a couple of days; but my draft came back so soon it spoilt most of the sport. I was going to have a grand time on Founder's Day, and had a neat speech for the faculty and students ready with references to 'my illustrious countryman, Lafayette.' But the jig was up. They were badly' sold' as it was. That was all fun."

"You got a note from Professor Drown?"

"You do the American Institute of Mining Engineers, introducing me to Charles Parrish, of Wilkesbarre, and to any members of the institute, Yes, it was a valuable letter, but they took it away from me. Ah!" (A pause, indicating the great loss he had sustained.)

"When they nad you in Francisco."

"Not at all. I was never in any other asylum. My father was never insane; there is no lunary in the family. My health now is very good. I was weak for a long time after the typhoid fever which I had last spring at Duluth. I was in bed two months and a halt and was not well for four months. I was very sick; why, I was delirious for a fortnight."
"Did you operate out West?"
"No; I only began last August." As the man sat there on his miserable cot, with his spindle-like legs

"You have numskulls in Congress. Look at the absurd navigation laws. Protection is a good thing, but you must not abuse it. You cannot buy iron the train which arrived from New you trade. South America! there is a field for you could it have been Pauline he expecting. but you must not abuse it. You cannot buy iron vessels abroad, and John Bool monopolizes the carrying trade. South America! there is a field for you can be Peruvian mine director of course he knows). Your cotton goods should go there, but you have no vessels. They must go through John Bool. Your cloth is better than the English; better thread, better make. You pay higher wages, but you have better than the English; better thread, better make. You pay higher wages, but you have better machinery and the English manufacturers must pay more for freight of the raw material. I often feit like ordering an American ship for the South American trade, just to show you where your interests lay."

This overwhalming proof of his esteem for our nation brought the interview, which had wandered all over the world in a pleasant way, to a close.

WHAT THE HOTEL KEEPTERS SAY.

A visit to the United States Hotel disclosed one curious fact—namely, that, while the proprietors would pursue one poor devil over the country for his board bill they would refuse to accept any return for a chance newspaper man's dinner, which seemed rather illogical in an innkeeper. They say, moreover, that Mr. Bamel is a "beat," and that his whole bill is only \$30. They only claim \$12.5 for bringing their late guest back to be boarded at the expense of the county—a magnanimity for which the manufacturers of the United States will owe a debt of gratitude to Northampton county, Pa.

Rev. Dr. Cattell, the learned President of Lafayette College, is as handsome and cheerful as he is good and benign. He was, it was discovered, very busy on the day of the writer's visit. The fine group of college buildings on the hill overlooking the Delaware stood out in fine relief against the clear sky; but "the way in town some funny things about the prank played by the immate of the prison which stands on the hill on the other side of the town. "We were all 'sold,' if I may use such a worldly expression. The way in which he deceived the scute Professor Silliman was

O Domine Done speravi in te Carrisime Jesu nunc, libera me. In dura catona, in misera piena Desidero in catona, in misera piena Languando, gemendo et genuficetendo Adoro, imploro, at liberes me. Amen.

A FIREMAN'S FUNERAL

The funeral of George T, Yetman, the fireman who mas morning, took place yesterday from the North Baptist Church, Newark. The church was crowded to overflowing, the firemen of Newark and the Comto overflowing, the fremen of Newark and the Com-mon Council being present in a body. The casket was imbedded in floral tributes. Conspicuous among the latter was a beautiful representa-tion of a truck with ladders and a freman's hat over all. Rev. Lausing Burroughs officiated and delivered an exceedingly impressive discourse, in the course of which he paid an eloquent tribute to the worth and character of the true fireman who, like George Yetman, was ever ready to sacrifice even his life for his fellow men. The interment took place in the firemen's lot, at Mount Pleasant Cemetery, and was attended by a large concourse of people.

BURIAL OF A SUICIDE.

were interred yesterday. Two of Anton's step-uncles came "Yam Boston, and County Physician Rewlett delivered the man's effects to them. "Anton was a fool," said one of them to a reporter, "to kill himself on account of any woman. We might expect better from one of mature years." "Them it was a love affair; how was it?" asked the reporter. The step-uncle replied:—"Anton was a handsome looking fellow. He worked with me at Pranks & Co.'s lithographic establishment, Boston. He was a good workman and earned \$25 a wock. He was rather impulsive at times. About three years ago he became engaged to a lady in Boston, Miss Pauline Staub. She was thirty-five years of age, while Anton was but thirty. A few days before Christmas Pauline was urgent to have the marriage hurried on; Anton became morose and acted rather strangely when spoken to on the subject. He had an appointment with Pauline on Christmas night. Before leaving home on Christmas he told us he would not return. He was seen about half-past ten o'clock A. M. on his way to the Providence depot. We saw in the papers the account of the suicide of an unknown man, and Pauline's brother came on to Newark and identified the body as that of his intended brother-in-law."

however, that an overdose of stepmotherly interference and love will drive even a Bostonian to suicide.

A HARD TIME OF IT.

THE STORY OF A POOR LAD'S EFFORTS TO GET WORK-GRATEFUL FOR A COMMITMENT TO

Essex Market Police Court room was nearly empty when a young man, poorly clad and thin faced, with

"Where's your mother ?"

"Where's your father ?"

"Dead."
"Where do you live?"
"In the street."
"Well, what do you want me to do with you?"
"Give me something to cat, please, Judge."
"How long since you had anything to cat?"
"Not a bite since last Friday night, Judge," said the youth, with tears in his eyes.
"Is dinner over inside?" asked the Judge of the

"Yether commenced to teach me the fallor's trade, but he died before I had time to learn anything at all. Do you know how long I will be kept here?" he asked.

"You are committed, I believe, to the Commissioners of Charities for three months."

PUGILISTIC PEDLERS.

vacant lot in the vicinity of 116th street, between Second and Taird avenues, on Saturday night. In the centre of the crowd two men, stripped to the